





~ The End ~

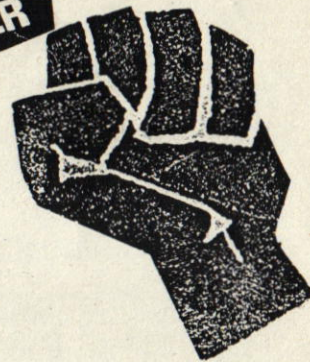
Thank you to everyone who contributed to this zine - especially Joshua Kriwanek

This is the first collective effort by ets to document our lives, our experiences, our selves. Give us a call or drop us a line to let us know what you think or if you want more info. about us:

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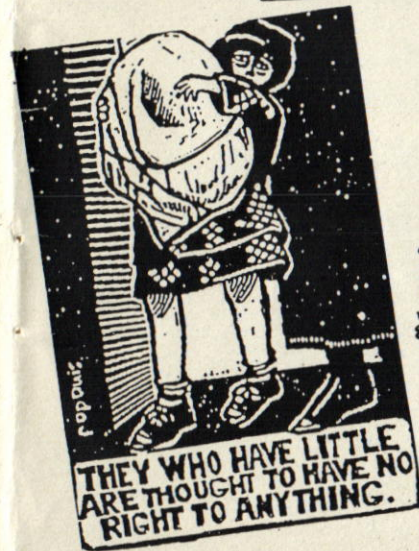
This zine was put together by Empty the Shelters Summer of Social Action's Art project.

MAY OUR RAGE  
INFORM OUR ACTIONS,  
AND MAY OUR  
ACTIONS TRANSFORM  
THE WORLD...  
- SUSAN STRYKER



WHAT IS EMPTY THE SHELTERS?  
ETS is a national organization of young people, struggling for our own survival and supporting other organizations led by people struggling for their survival. We are working to end poverty through fundamental social change. Empty the Shelters believes that direct service is not enough. ETS is about building a movement of young people to fight for economic and social justice.

WHAT'S THE SUMMER OF SOCIAL ACTION?  
Imagine a contingency of young people interested in challenging social structures. The SSA is an intensive, eight week program for students and young people who want to learn to attack injustice at its roots. Participants will work in community organizing projects that directly support the efforts of poor people to organize themselves. We build the skills necessary to create long-term social change.



We are young people  
struggling, fighting & resisting  
in a culture where our words  
& thoughts are not respected.  
We are building our own  
**CULTURE OF RESISTANCE**  
to give voice to our  
experience. We continue on...

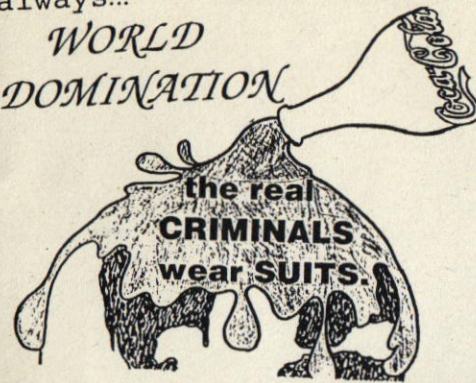


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always...

WORLD  
DOMINATION



really, isn't this  
pretty lame?



This exemplifies  
racism, sexism,  
and homophobia.

ROCKING THE VOTE  
DOESN'T MEAN  
ROCKING THE BOAT



Indian women gonna  
come kick your  
honky ass.



# URBAN RENEWAL = URBAN REMOVAL

## CENTENNIAL



"Violence is not sexy."

**PORNOGRAPHY  
KILLS...**

your mother  
your daughter  
your sister  
my life



"Pornography  
is the  
theory,  
and  
rape  
is the  
practice"



"Many people don't realize how pornography actually functions in the lives of its victims. They think of pornography as simply some pictures that some lonely guy masturbates to now and then. But that's not entirely accurate. In fact there are many women on whom pornography is forced." -John Stoltenberg

"When I was younger, I was exposed to pornography including Playboy, Penthouse, and Out, and other magazines. It was one of the places that I learned about sex and it showed me that sex violence." -Mr. O

"I went to a porno bookstore, put a quarter in a slot, and watched a porno movie. It was just a guy coming up from behind and attacking her and raping her. That's when I started having fantasies. When I seen that movie, it was like somebody I knew from my childhood on up...I just went for it, went out and had sex. I was a respondent to a sex survey."

YOUR SUPPORT OF THE  
STATUS QUO SUPPORTS  
HOMOPHOBIA AND HATE.



ALL WAY



**Fuck that Cosmo shit  
Your ass looks good**

So, i spent this summer in Atlanta  
it was hot, it was hard, it was fun, it was  
ALIVE

and i expected my heart to break  
it did. And it won't be the last time.

Because I know we LIVED this summer  
in Atlanta, we all took a risk, and the  
end was the farthest from death  
I could imagine.

my imaginations, my emotions, my experiences  
were put on  
the spin cycle of the washing  
machine

the off switch was broken  
i know i could pull the plug out & stop the chaos  
BUT, i do not want to

These Swirling colors are the only things that  
Keep me Sane.

They keep me thinking and growing  
Loving and Learning

I started to tear down the legacy forced  
upon me  
my inherited culture said "do not care for  
others"

I became part of the resistance  
so I grab a hold of that tag on my face  
and start pulling  
NO REGRETS.

-a collective work by  
Summer of Social  
Action's art project



an unexpected glance  
now my definitions  
include you

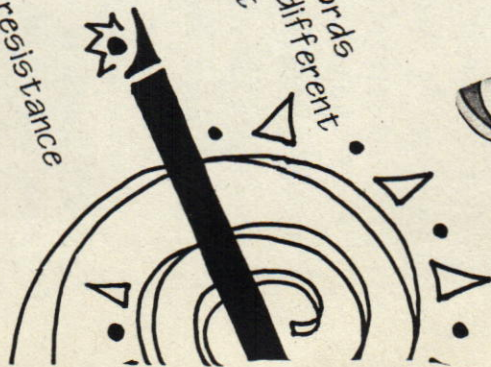
I want to be real  
and to be with you that  
often I've thought dilemma  
it was an unrequited dilemma

I listen to us talk  
I listen to our backrounds in our words  
hearing our worlds ever meant  
sometimes if they were ever meant  
I wonder if they could  
to collide, to coexist  
to collaborate

I think of our resistance  
I think of our survival  
a mode of survival  
in this even a sign of too deep  
perhaps my hurt is too simply be  
because my selves to assimilation  
to believe our assimilation  
acceptance

then hearing those same words  
seeing them expand beyond their given lines  
amidst this explosion of spoken thoughts  
I know that we are no longer an experiment  
I know we are no longer within boundaries  
because realizing what I feel  
no longer fits within boundaries

-Kuni Rajana



**Now it's our**



They've clipped our wings so we won't fly.  
They've sucked our juice, bottled to buy.  
I have dreams of our flawless flight  
the air cushions us from the harshness  
of the ground  
& we sing  
we are always singing in these dreams  
With my awkward wingless body,  
I uncup the juice--  
to pour into my wounds of severed wings.  
This gives space for re-growth.  
So, while everything is for sale in the city too busy to  
care,

I'm taking my soul off the rack.  
I'm taking that shit back.

I dream in purple.

I had dreams of seeking answers,  
But now I am only filled with more questions--  
Questions that will bring me more knowledge.  
Who? What? When? Where? How?

Now.

Without wings to fly. I turn to the circle of chairs  
To Rise

We fold ideas in these folding chairs

& think of the world in dreams

With wings poised we choose

to remove the bars from

the Red, White, & Blue

**PURPLE**

~33~

-A collective work  
by the SSAs  
Art Project



# THE ART OF LIST MAKING

## To Do Today:

1. wake up, it's 6am (ok, really it's 4:30am!)
2. have a serious(ly) inspiring conversation over pancakes and eggs
3. roam the Kroger aisles with a great friend

4. laugh so hard with 3 wonderful women that everyone in the restaurant stares!
5. take a nap...
6. impersonate an Emory student
7. type up an interview while singing to yourself
8. read the amazing words of two amazing women
9. take a nap...
10. brave torrid rain in the interests of getting silly
11. discuss ets concerns with my buddy (my buddy is Libbey!)
12. do some fun healing in that crazy world of junk called Wal-Mart
13. discover coke's secret ingredient
14. blow bubbles and watch them float away
15. take a nap...

16. hugs, hugs, hugs...
17. show people how much you love them
18. talk with some of the greatest people in the world
19. appreciate how lucky you are to get to talk with these amazing people (that is the revolution, you know!)

20. get tired
21. get a second wind
22. sing some cheezy songs (if you see me walking by...i've got a crush on you...)
23. take a deep breath and a good look around
24. fall asleep, thinking about tomorrow's list...

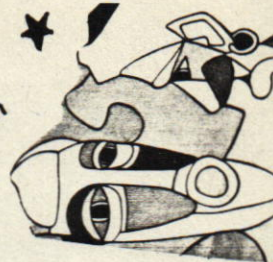
MAGIC Etch A Sketch SCREEN



why i am here a choked whisper  
my response i am still sitting in front of you  
i am still sitting in front of you  
look around & look at me again  
do you still need to ask why  
i have been dissected too many times like the frog  
that's sprawled out to be picked & pulled on  
the lab table with your scalpel  
my healing is just beginning  
my other sisters have yet to show up  
my survival is one that will not happen in isolation  
i have my personal battles to fight within myself & with you  
but i am still here  
& this should come as no surprise  
my soul is too weathered by the harshness of my lived realities  
to simply be scared away by  
subtle exclusion & the rooms of your world i do not know exist  
patronizing stares burning away protective layers of skin  
like the fire that is engulfing my body & i am still scared  
as i figure out the contradictions of our struggle we are the war  
scared we will let go of each others hands in the midst of our battle  
because we need to protect ourselves more than each other  
but we are not the casualties & laugh with you  
& i am here to fight & resist & laugh with you  
as i figure out the contradictions of our struggle we are the war

-kavirajanna

turn.





## Auctoritatum

Polonius went through with the whole thing anyway, including his death. He remembered thinking to himself behind the curtain that he still didn't understand the problem (beyond his thinking that love was the answer); the solution seemed easy: make the Queen King.

He fully agreed that death should be his penance, though he was unsure what exactly was the crime. Perhaps it was telling the King his thoughts, he thought, just before the rapier sliced through his gut: its blade first pinching the skin as it seemed born from the curtain--the hand behind it hidden from the other side, a faceless hand that seemed to be guided by everything in the room that which Polonius could not see--moving within his body, it lapped at his blood and seemed to bite through his entrails his stomach his pancreas his gall bladder his diaphragm his spine, stretching out almost beyond its own length to reach into his heart. As it pushed and pursued him through him it wasn't the pain so much as the trouble of it being there that annoyed him and finally killed him.

The trouble of it being there. Rather vague, but nonetheless a significant thought for the simpleton that he was. Allow me to take a stab at what he meant...

It wasn't the pain so much as the trouble of it being there that annoyed him and finally killed him. The physical pain that the rapier caused him was quite enough, thank you. Having the blade lodged inside of his body and pushing for more and only stopping from its physical limitations (the Polonius-stained blade that gnawed at the air behind him like blinded jaws of a piranha just hungry not for anything in particular just hungry, driven by its own hunger--like a bare and forked animal an acquaintance once said and he wondered if that man had the same thing happen to him or if he was talking about something different that was perhaps all too similar) HURT. He could not deny that. Physical hurt, of the body, the conduit of the mind and keeper of the soul. An attack on the King's soldiers is an attack on the King himself.

Perhaps it is because he expected it to hurt, that what really killed him was in the mind and of the mind. Perhaps that he expected anything is why he died--he didn't want to live in a world where he had to expect anything like that to happen to him, and he knew that that meant that he didn't want to live in this world.

Perhaps it was the inability to see the hand behind the sword, to see the eyes of hatred and anger that flared and steamed as the weapon was drawn, drawn from its sheath for its sole purpose (and the sheath is kept at the keeper's side at all times, as a reminder, that at any moment, it can be

many, i am trying to break through...In order to be free i must re-create, re-invent myself. I am scared. I have no guide, no model, no theoretical framework.

I have me, my experiences...and you  
if i ask for help, will you help?

Can i ask????

i am frightened

Is it you i do not trust or is it me?

Sometimes i am scared to be myself. My addiction is powerful. Make no mistake.

I ask you not to understand. But to stand with me--by my side. And me by your side.

I struggle with you. i struggle for you.

i do not want to fill my void because i am not empty. Just a little confused.

Seekin clarity.

Seeking friendship.

Seeking not what others have or where they've been but what they sought.

Dusting myself off i ask for your help

with my head held high-my eyes staring into yours

i ask you for your help

i cannot do this alone.

I do not want to do this alone.

I want to be a source of strength-not pain-for you.

i want to stand beside you and you to stand beside me.

I want to love you and to be loved as only friends can.

These words are not just symbols filling time and this space. They are not reducible, analyzable.

They are an extension of ME...

They re-present MY fears, hopes, confusion, friendship, and MY love.

They are an E-X-T-E-N-S-I-O-N...

of ME...



Brandon Stokes

~6~

-31-



When asked to write something for this zine my initial response was that i have nothing to write about. That's bullshit. I have so many fuckin' thoughts and feelings

during the day:

courage sobriety

mutilation dreams

leaders young people rock

confidence

classism

love

questions

misogyny

survival

sexism

heterosexism

power fuck off fuck you the man

systems

interconnectedness

spirituality

suffering

conditioning

strength

you me irrational

oppressor

knowledge

institutionalized

brutality

quantum physics

uncertainty

driving

boundaries

organizing

difficulty

running away

crisis

growth

silence

conflict

honesty

pain

paralysis

I do not want to fill up this space simply because i can. I have something to contribute--ME. I cannot be quantified or categorized. Sure, you try. in order to understand me. But in doing so --- you limit me, constrain me to your perceptions that you have created for me. I do not want to live confined to your perceptions and expectations.

I know i don't make sense sometimes. My contradictions, my hypocrisy is large. Aware of



taken up and used-- and I think of my grandfather, who with Mortality creeping up on him every morning, greeting him with the brashness of his alarm clock or biting into him with the streaks and slivers of pain that would crawl inside his legs like cockroaches in the moments after waking, my grandfather who would walk with his cane in hand, picking it up off of the ground and stepping quickly before pushing it down to pause, and lifting it, stepping quickly again and again, only using his cane to steady himself against the vertigo of Mortality, in his hand, always, like the concealed sword in its sheath always at hands reach) to cause pain. Polonius hoped that maybe if there was no curtain from which the hand could hide, the eyes could hide, the curtain that placed blame on everything and everyone on the other side of it so that blame was diluted, instead of concentrated to lock onto the eyes of the perpetrator, to sting them and hold them and reason them. But the blame that swelled in Polonius's eyes fell softly to the floor like tears, only able to see the curtain and imagine what and who was on the other side.

Perhaps his pain was rooted in being an imprecise death: the sword could have been for anyone on his side of the curtain but it hit him for no other reason than simply he was in its path. His side was a target: swords could fly in and out and there is no discretion. And he could not clarify his death-- it would go on unanswered and silenced by the blade, as his cries of, "Help, help!" The blade perhaps was meant for him, but still, he recalled hearing someone say, "A rat..." before it took him down. He looked for any rat around him to take with him to the Other World, to die with him as his blood crept slowly on the floor and into his clothes.

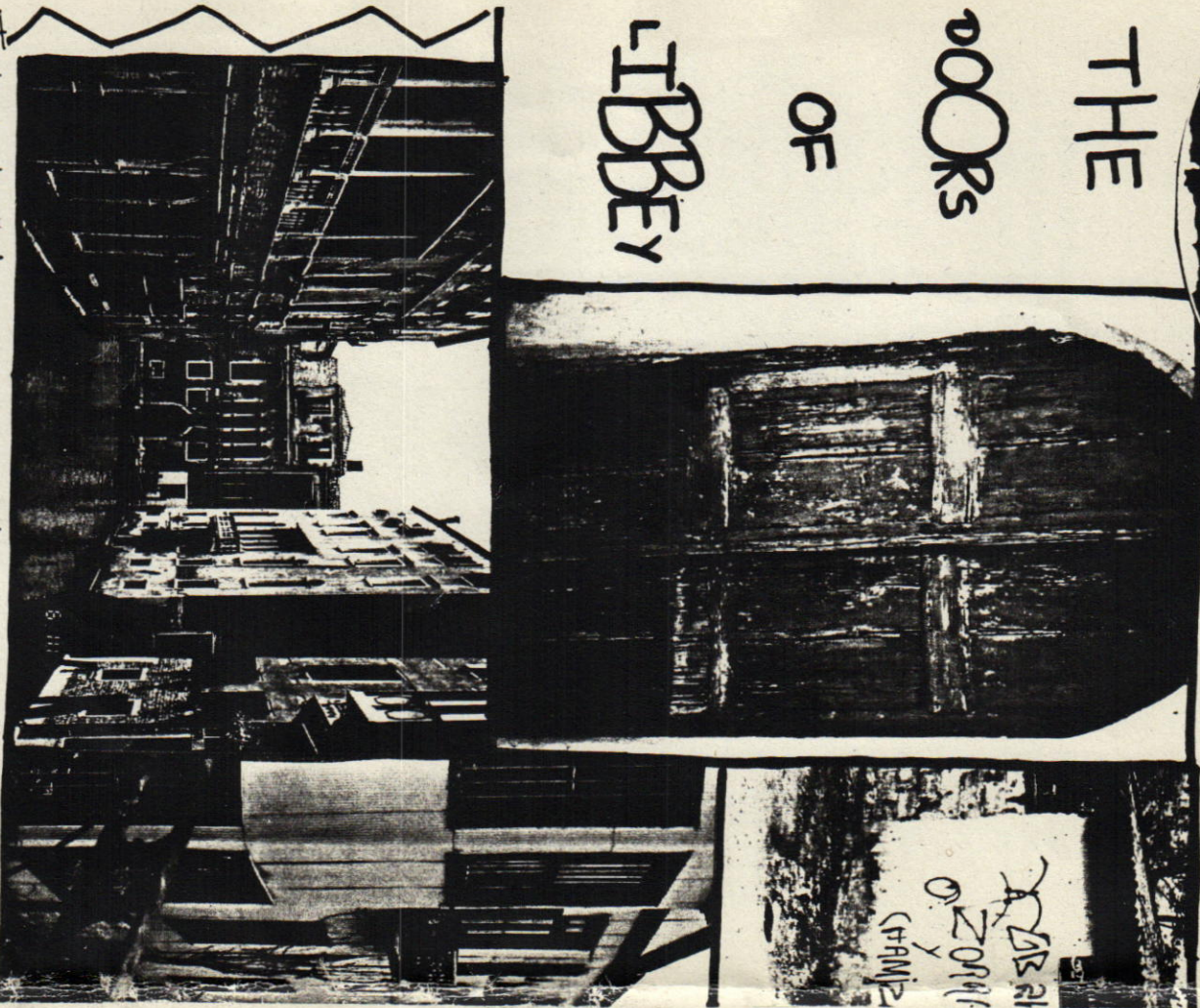
Perhaps Polonius thought none of these things. Perhaps the simpleton lay in his own blood trying only to whisper all the words of Hail Mary before his breath stopped. Perhaps Polonius went through with the whole thing anyway, including his death, because he thought that it was justified-- he had been an old, bumbling fool, an old fool that needed to learn to be quiet and not let his thoughts just tumble like Yorick used to around the castle, thinking crazy thoughts like the Queen should be King or that love was answer (he scared himself, thinking that the Prince was not mad, that it was actually that the Prince was sane and he himself was the mad one). Perhaps my mighty pen's attempt to explain his death is pushing the rapier further-- dragging his dead body around the city gates while I ride in my vainglorious, shining chariot.

Perhaps its my way to lift up the curtain and hope that I am not looking in a mirror.





# THE BOOKS OF LIBBY



I have travelled around the world, and I'm quite certain that impressions have been stronger than those I experience now. The I lean over a ship's rail and imagine all the adventure deep all sides, wild and barren. To feel the wind and the sun on of trees and rocks and the earth I walk on touch the skin...

when you give people space, they fill it

so this guy drives up and says

"i don't care if you're a lesbian, i just want to fuck you"

WELL, dumb ass, i don't care if you're clueless, i just want to run you

guess what, i do just that

does that make me bitch enough now

"man or woman - what are you?!" Another drunk fool laughs

trying to see where i fit in.

Sometimes i'm angry, sometimes i'm proud,

sometimes i'm hurt, sometimes i'm brave,

sometimes i'm scared, and sometimes i'm happy and i laugh a lot

Sometimes i think the world would be a

better place without mouths.

within the dichotomy of sexuality and identity

I shall not let one consume the other

The underground thoughts of the terra of the mind

shatter the walls of conscious and scream, "I'M ALIVE!"

But sometimes being alive isn't enough-- when mouths are

only the vehicle for truer thoughts to emerge

and am constantly bombarded with shades of such a mentality.

These shades take shape and i see a figure before me in the shadows

and sometimes it cringes and sometimes it screams

sometimes it disappears

But it's never gone and it never fits a box called dyke or bitch

or queer or fag and it will run you over

if it needs to

A collective work by ETS.  
Summer of Social Actions  
Not-So-Heterosexual  
Caucus.



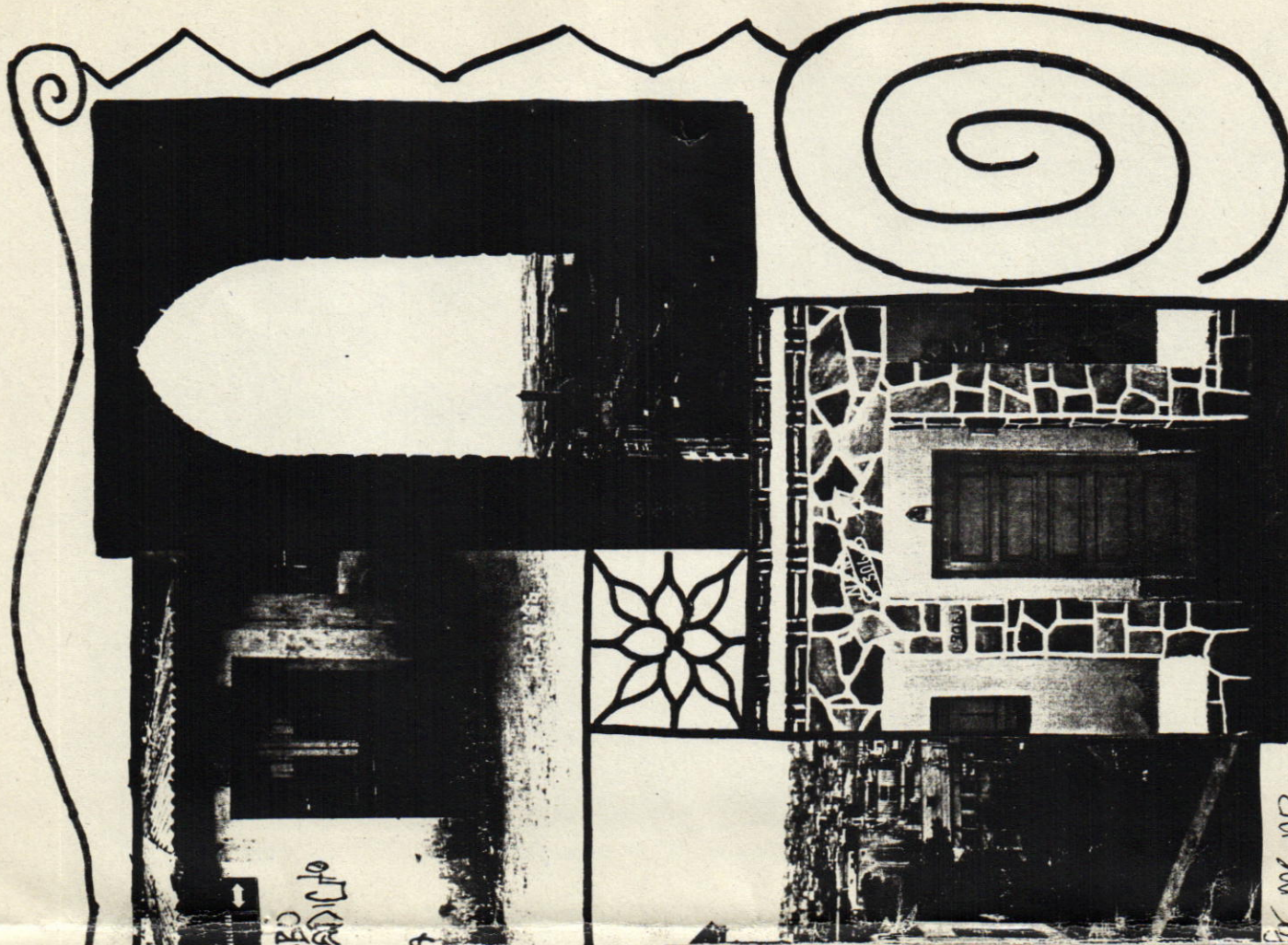
this one isn't titled and it doesn't directly pertain to only SSA. the subject really concerns my background, a lot of which affects me now, and in all personal relations inside the summer and out. (kn)

my flight arrival was of no consequence because their twenty-nine years have resurfaced in her blackened grey hair, in the tiny weathered lines of her forehead, through her slimming red liz claireborne. bringing myself by her dysfunctional definition- where she said not caring, not stretching, not attempting to me.

the immediacy of her need is only as surface as, well, glass cleaner or even as surface as the stage he had set for her: where it is applauded by others that her hair is darker or she appears thin. and it's on this same stage, where she speaks animatedly from a makeshift podium, which is not by default, the stove island in her/his kitchen. the very reason which gave her a soapbox transformed from the hearth brought her own back.

we, all her children, came back when we heard her cry, out. why does, or how can, her cry be heard in this stifling and smoke-filled kitchen? we hear through her own laughter- at the end of her performance, the last one we'll see.

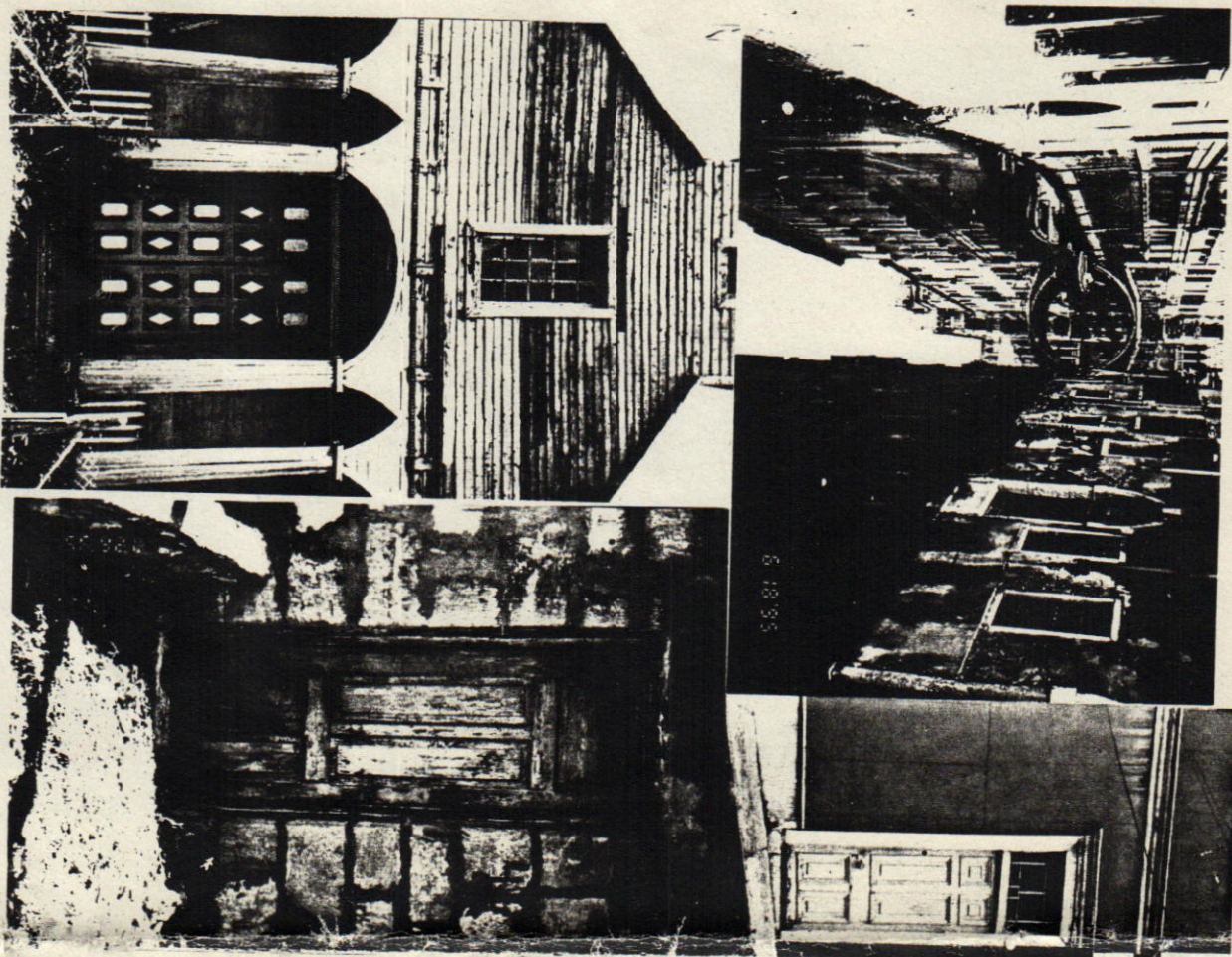
"baby, i remember the day you were born. it was dawn and the storm settled in my



for me, no contrasts here are so immense. The sea so bottoms when P down in the water. The mountains towering over me on my face - and at the same time feel the fragrance that is part of what changes my life. - Liv Ullmann

belly... and the sky split, and the planets hit... - Patricia Smith





an explanation of sorts

I don't consider myself a poet or anything like that. I have never even liked poetry that much. But I started writing these words just to do it. Because I was sick of simply expressing myself through my voice. I came to realize that I could express my emotions and what I am going through in other ways then pouring my heart out to my friends for hours. Not that I will stop doing that, but I have found a new outlet, a sort of therapy that allows me to say very little but really say a whole lot. To be honest, these writings ( I hate calling them poems) are more about me coming to terms with what has happened in my past and what is going on right now. I am scared because I have never "published" anything I have written, and some people may read what I have written and take it the wrong way. Well, that's the risk I take when I put my thoughts on paper. I am willing to take that risk to keep me sane. elliot

~27~

-10-



chimes

standing motionless between two pillars of confusion  
unable to speak your language or understand the rules  
that we are supposed to play by wind moves around my neck  
fueling the argument within my hollow frame  
rain falls on the soul of my shoes as I turn to the door  
knowing what is behind but forcing my way through  
to heartbreak to anger to long nights filled with no one to cling to  
on the edge of the porch paralyzed with love and fear  
forward to the fall of endless need

I move to get stabbed in the most gentle way by my own weapon  
by a hand that means me no harm, just show me what it is to hurt

brandywine fall

twenty years of solitary movement hand in hand  
with my pockets through the storms of yesterday  
and the untapped solitude of tomorrow  
without knowing, how can you breathe or think or love ?  
untie and tie again until your hands bleed thick blood  
tainted by walking by myself and unrealized potential  
who will be here in twenty more ?

no promises made or kept no tears for me  
but plenty flowing out of my door  
head to pillow eyes wide open  
exposed to the harsh plainness of a ceiling  
see too many times cold and alone  
close only to see the same motionless movement  
over and over again till I fall and try to get back up  
failing falling once more

-26-



-11-



# WHAT IS A BITCH ? *by Adam Horowitz*

Bitch (bich), n., v. - n. 1 a female dog, wolf, or fox. 2 Slang a a lewd woman b a spiteful, ill-tempered woman. 3 = complaint  
- The World Book Dictionary

What is a bitch? What does a bitch do? Who is a bitch?

I was listening to a call in sports show on the radio the other day and the commentator was responding to allegations that the most recent Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue was pornographic. The man said that was ridiculous and anyone who thinks that should quit their bitching and get a life.

If you are called a bitch how does it make you feel? How do you feel when you call someone a bitch? Have you ever felt like a bitch? What does that feel like?

Bitch is a word that is meant to silence, disempower, and deny. Bitch is a label that connotes a complainer, someone who strives for material excess or is uppity, or someone with a personal agenda. Bitching is something to apologize for, it is uncalled for and inappropriate. A bitch is someone who doesn't do what they're told, a bitch is a trouble maker.

But the thing is a bitch just isn't someone, a bitch is a woman.

Within our society the word bitch is just one frequent reminder of how pervasive sexism and woman hating is. The word bitch is one way hate for women is normalized among men

The word bitch isn't a compliment. It isn't a term of endearment. It is hate. It is hate because it demonizes the simple fact that someone is a woman. Being a woman is the basis of the insult. There are no insults for "complaining men" or "uppity men" - in fact there is no male equivalent to the word bitch.

A bitch is a bitch because they're a woman.

If she hadn't been such a bitch I wouldn't have had to . . .

When is the word used,

She's such a bitch.  
Fuck you, bitch!  
I'm sorry for bitching.  
You stupid bitch!  
What are you, a bitch?

You bitch!  
Stop your bitching.  
All you do is bitch.  
Right now I just need to bitch  
The bitch deserved it.

and what are its connotations?

Beat her.  
Rape her.  
Kill her.

minute

each time the door opens she walks in with dreams and tears of a thousand nights on her shoulders not knowing how her face relates to points of light above her head untouched by human hand untainted by imperfect emotion despite cries from the third floor the door opens without hesitation each time sending a message loud and clear so even the stars can hear "but not in..." the phone repeats and I grow tired of what has become my defensive response to that which has never been

north side of the susquehanna

the comfort of loneliness loses its soft edges after years of never-ending questions with no answers except "everyone hurts" night comes and goes with my back still turned to hers knowing that if I turn she will still be thinking of someone else while I dream of her, moving a few feet over towards her getting farther away from what wasn't meant to be

the knot in my stomach did not go away quickly the loss of appetite and hope in concert with words "I love him" - but not you the wheel continues to turn round and round running over all that feels right and all that seems to matter rolling away from the river that I have swallowed a part of me is left behind on the banks where dreams are lost in the mud, mist and flowing water

~25~



midway

horizons move when someday turns into  
a word softly spoken in the dark  
beating me over the head with assurance  
of future greatness always tomorrow never today  
hope becomes a foolish attempt at sanity  
twenty rotations of the earth and I still stand alone  
without companion of comparison lead to wells  
but never drinking dry throat left to scream for someone  
to listen but someday said before does no good when  
chasing horizons keeps me running in circles  
"and I bleed myself"

boy

without words I hope to be in your smile  
red blue blurs as night turns to day  
gentle purrr from the kitchen hunger pain  
beyond heartache struggling to keep my  
perspective except for bedridden strength  
unsure what to say or do she wakes and day  
begins sun light becomes brighter sky turns  
another shade even more like what kept me up  
thinking dreaming of deep blue and what is ahead

It is estimated that a woman is battered by a man once every fifteen seconds in the United States. Once every fifteen seconds (5,760 times a day) a man reestablishes his supposed dominance over a woman through physical force. What sets the stage for this violence? What tells men that this is O.K. ? With violence on such a widespread scale I think it is farfetched to believe that these are all psychopaths or deranged violent men, in reality these are our neighbors, our peers, and sometimes our friends and family. We have to ask ourselves what role does language play in this violence? If the word bitch becomes accepted within our society then why would this violence surprise us if it is bad, by definition, to be a woman. The word bitch allows for the classic batterer's techniques of transferring responsibility to the victim. If they hadn't done this I wouldn't have had to . . . If she wasn't a woman I wouldn't have had to . . . They were beat because they deserve it.

Looked at this way language, and the word bitch in particular, becomes much more important than just an insult, a temporary sting - it becomes an O.K., an explanation, and excuse - it becomes a broken arm, a bruised face, and lost life. Language is the cornerstone on which a sexist society lies, which allows for, and explicitly condones, the ongoing terrorism of women.

Where do we go from here? It has been said that a dialect is a language without an army. We know the brute force protecting hate language, sexist, racist, homophobic language, is strong, we have faced it since birth through the subtle brainwash of socialization to the not so

subtle threat of physical intimidation.

# AND WHERE IS OUR ARMY THAT WILL PUT IT IN PLACE ?

But even up against all this we have to imagine what would our dialect look like? We need a language of alternatives and possibilities, one that will put forth a vision of the society we are fighting for. What will be our new language?



Her words taste like iron  
the sharp metallic undertone  
commonly detected in fresh wounds.  
Her words do not slide down  
my throat, but are uneasily pushed  
to lodge just below the great aorta,  
never to be digested.

"He raged me with a broom"  
"When he said I was crazy,  
I believed him"  
"I just don't understand, how  
someone can just leave you  
with nothing"

Always ingested, never digested.  
The dilemma, however  
is not one of consumption.  
I wonder if I am a barrier,  
a dyke, a dam, a barricade  
for these words which are  
combustible.

What if they rolled over me  
into the streets, and these words  
took shape: tools and weapons.  
Bulldozers, wrecking balls, scythes  
hammers, chisels, monkey wrenches

Surely, the blood would flow.  
Finally course upwards and reach  
the grey matter that has so long  
been deprived of clarity and life.  
Surely, these words could be enzymes -  
catalysts of the disintegration  
of the rationalization of power and control.

What if I got out of the way  
and just for once, the words  
would have the chance to live  
their own lives:

fury that is spoken is fury that is lived and  
that is spoken is fury that breathes and fury  
that is spoken is fury that exists and fury  
that is spoken is fury that not only has the right to survive  
**BUT TO BURN LIKE A BRUSH FIRE  
MAKING WAY FOR NEW LIFE.**

by trish

Vegan Lasagna - (lifted from Soy Not Oi,  
a great cook-zine that everyone should buy)

This is my adaptation of a recipe for a damn good  
vegan lasagna that even Garfield would eat. You'll  
need an oven and a long casserole pan to cook the lasagna in.

Music to listen to - I like a good vegan mosh band  
(a rarity) for the first part when you need to chop  
veggies, layer the lasagna and do windmills inbetween.  
Perhaps Chokehold. While its bakin, something a  
bit more mellow. I prefer Cap n Jazz, Piebald or  
maybe Jawbreaker to rock out while the lasagna  
gets ready for consumption.

Here are the ingredients -

- 16 oz. lasagna noodles
- homemade of store-bought pasta/tomato sauce
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup soy or rice milk (actually any  
non-dairy alternative beverage will do. I like Rice  
Dream Enriched Organic Original or Edensoy Extra Original)
- 1 Block Firm Tofu
- some of that nutritional yeast stuff
- some veggies (peppers, onions, mushrooms,  
carrots - really any you like in lasagna)
- some oil to fry the veggies in
- if you are feeling real creative, fry up some of that fake  
beef/hamburger stuff (I forget who makes it) and through  
it in the layering process.

Directions -

- Boil the lasagna noodles. If you can find the no boil  
kind more power to ya, but they are pretty rare.
- Fry up the veggies in the oil till they are cooked  
through but still kinda crisp.
- Blend tofu, rice/soymilk, and nut. yeast until you  
get a chunky substance kinda like ricotta or cottage cheese.
- Line the bottom of the casserole with the noodles and  
cover with tofu mix, veggies and sauce, then another  
layer of noodles etc.... Do this until the top of the pan.
- Bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes.
- Serve with more sauce, bread, a green veggie like  
broccoli, and you are set.

Real easy recipe and really yummy too. It feeds a whole  
squadron of people, so invite some friends over and  
make them do the dishes.



Let's Go!

# MUST THINK

Recently I've found that there is a terrible kind of anger hidden deep within myself. Its an anger which I am very frightened of. Its the anger that I've felt when I am in a vulnerable position; when I'm being forced to give up some of the power that I've been given as a white male. It's an anger that threatens people I love, including myself. It's a violent anger and a hateful anger. And it takes all of my inner strength to control when its in my veins. But I can control it. And I will control it. Because I know that that kind of rage is something I need to overcome. Because its preventing equality. Because its keeping those who aren't just like me from being able to express themselves, and from being able to live with the knowledge that there is space for them, something I have been able to do for all my life. Because its helping to further the continuation of the very systems which I am trying to topple. Because its based on selfishness and the need to keep an unequal amount of power which isn't rightfully mine or anyone elses. And because I love.

-Ethan

## My Turn to Speak... Your turn to LISTEN!

Talk about bringing the real world into the classroom. Tonight I learned about imperialism. Tonight I learned about the imperialism within this circle of chairs.

We cite, "unequal development of different areas" as I begin to notice who is talking and who is silent.

Next ingredient: "the dominance of some countries over others". And I realize again how much space you are taking up and how many women are left without voices.

Soon you are talking about Manifest Destiny as you obviously make use of your god-given right to spread your noise across the entire room. You talk about alienation of the worker in the workplace. Since you brought it up, I feel pretty fucking alienated right now!

So, now let's review cause and effect:

Cause: maintaining power, legacy of dominance, supremacy, unequal consumption, model of growth based on dehumanization and expansion, invisibility of the oppressed...

Effect: exploitation, fragmentation of community, debt and dependency, destruction, homogenization, lack of solidarity...

And it occurs to me that I've had this lesson before. Nothing new here. I've learned this so many places, from so many people. I don't want to learn it here from you.

So save your lesson. What I want to know, guys, is when do I get to learn something new?

-SARAH  
7.8.97

-15-

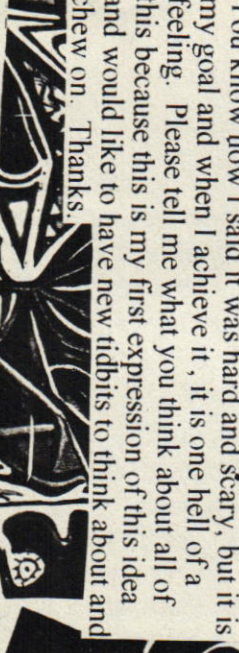


I make you crazy with my talk  
because I say things you don't want to hear  
I've become the daughter  
you never wanted to have  
Because I tell you about the world I see  
and you like it the other way around.  
I tell you about a world of injustice  
of white middle-aged men exploiting innocent  
workers, of corporate bullshit and racist politics  
And you tell me how much money I could make  
if I worked hard enough, how much you like your  
brand new Mercedes and that I'm wasting my time  
doing this work  
Your answer to sexism is that's the way it is  
Your answer to racism is work harder, prove yourself  
I don't understand you.

You have felt racism  
You know it  
It is as close to you as your pillow when you sleep  
at night.  
And you have warned me since day one  
Of how this world is going to be different for me  
your dark Indian girl.  
I didn't believe you at first  
I tried really hard to prove you wrong  
But I can't.  
And now that I agree with you,  
I see you trying really hard to prove me wrong.  
You tell me nothing can be done  
That I should stop trying to change the world  
and deal with it the way it is  
But your individualistic money-buys-happiness-and  
respect ideal  
is not for me



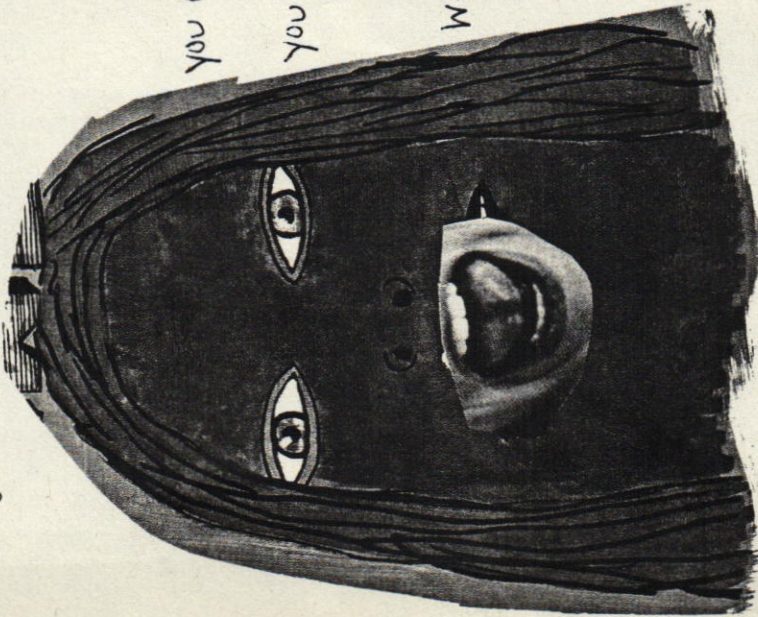
So the other day I had this revelation. At first I  
thought it was just about feminism, but as I thought  
about it more I realized it has to do with a lot more  
than that. I realized that being liberated is not all  
about reading the right books and fists and talking  
tough shit. I realized that liberty doesn't come from  
the world around me, I mean I think the world does  
have a lot to do with liberty, don't get me wrong.  
Without all the anger and fists and work we  
wouldn't be able to achieve liberty. But I have  
discovered a whole new kind of freedom, one that I  
have found to more important for myself. It is an  
internal freedom. I took the barriers and constraints  
I had put on myself down, because I realized that I  
was a good person and really liked myself. All of  
myself. I have a million-and-one personalities and I  
feel different things all the time and I change and my  
ideas change and I'm inconsistent and some parts of  
me are quite ugly and mean. I love those parts  
because they are there and important. Anyway, back  
to the internal liberation thing. I came to the  
conclusion that it is constant and it is hard. It takes  
guts to be hone with yourself and even more with  
other people. You got to realize you are no better or  
worse than anyone else. Some people are worth  
more of your time than others, but everyone  
deserves respect, love, and peace. That is where  
equality comes in. You have to be willing to give  
equal amounts in every relationship. Equal amounts  
of respect and vulnerability and responsibility  
because no one person deserves more than another.  
I understand that different people give and take  
different amounts at certain times, but just as long as  
the overall result is fairly equal. So I know this is  
simplistic and idealistic, but I think there is some  
truth in there and I'm gonna keep working on it.  
And don't think I do this all the time because I don't.  
You know how I said it was hard and scary, but it is  
my goal and when I achieve it, it is one hell of a  
feeling. Please tell me what you think about all of  
this because this is my first expression of this idea  
and would like to have new tidbits to think about and  
chew on. Thanks.





no more manipulation  
 cat's sneer, so sly by.  
 the process from covert to covert  
 where you hid it to our own  
 plans,  
 to become yours.

shovelling out turgid concrete,  
 Slapping it on every situation.



you froze it,  
 you own it.  
 you shaped it,  
 you own it.

We won't  
 last, it won't  
 last.

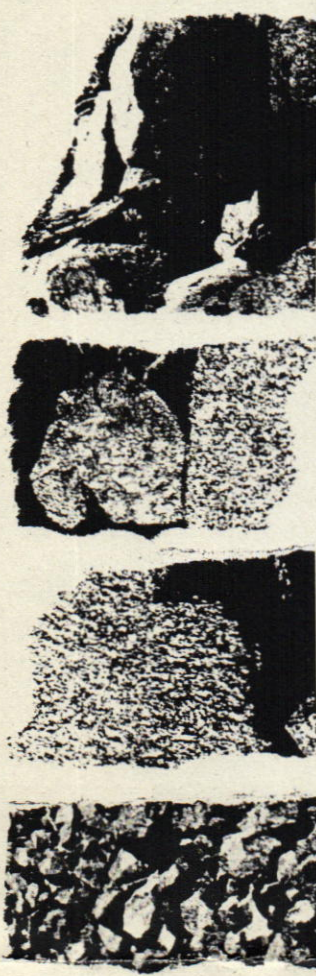
Your definition was too quick to care,  
 we'll break it.

# THINGS UP AROUND HERE

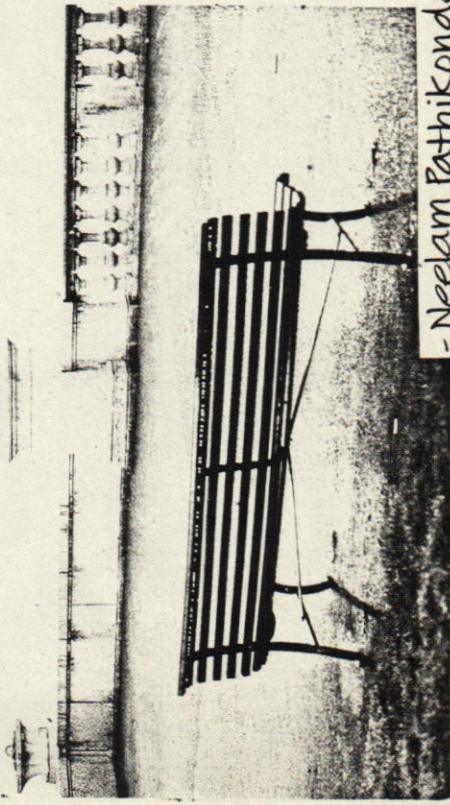
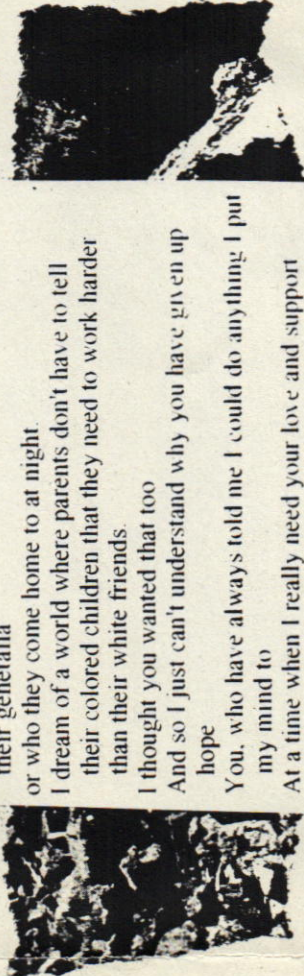
that just won't stand for the status quo.

K. Kirby  
 Neelam

She wants the impossible  
**Yum!**



I dream of a world where everyone has what they need.  
 Where everyone gets a fair chance  
 Regardless of the color of their skin or the shape of  
 their genetalia  
 or who they come home to at night  
 I dream of a world where parents don't have to tell  
 their colored children that they need to work harder  
 than their white friends.  
 I thought you wanted that too  
 And so I just can't understand why you have given up  
 hope  
 You, who have always told me I could do anything I put  
 my mind to  
 At a time when I really need your love and support  
 Why do you think it is impossible now?





*The Signature of*

**ETS**, *Style*

a little time

each morning

to run around naked

You either have it

or you don't

The terror

is spreading

like wildfire

GLAM

STAR

Brecht became very emotional,

He wondered if any of us could

understand what he'd done and forgive him.

Goes on. And on. And on.

... And I kind of stepped back. And the dog peed on the floor ... and she doesn't do that. It must have been some kind of energy thing, because she doesn't do that.

What should I wear?

THROUGH THE JUNGLE  
YOU CAN FIND YOUR OWN WAY